

# Asking Alexandria, A Prophecy

How stubborn are the scars when they won't fade away?  
Or just a gentle reminder that now are better days?  
We'll be home soon so dry your eyes  
You'll be okay  
Oh my god  
The water is rising  
You just have to believe in me  
Failing that I'll ride this storm alone  
We can still make it out  
'Fuck'  
I can help you through this  
But you have to take my hand  
I can take you home  
Take my hand, take my hand  
I should've known the tides were getting higher  
We can still survive  
They think we're drowning but our heads are still above the waves  
You never said goodbye  
Now you're on your own